

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

—AT—

\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

I understand if we credit that \$1.50 will be accepted and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

Mo Pretty Swiss Girls.

The stranger in Switzerland will be struck at once with the beauty of the country and the ugliness of the women. Here nature seems to have spent herself upon inanimate objects and to have had no material left for humanity, which she composed out of the debris left over after she had constructed the *mise en scene*. A pretty face, native and to the manner born, is rarely, if ever seen upon the streets of Bern.

The women appear to do all the work. It is not unusual to see a girl and a dog hitched to a cart and trotting along together like a pair of ponies. The men, great strapping fellows, idle and lazy, loaf about the *brasseries*. Their wives, daughters and sisters till the fields and supply the markets. The dog, the goat and the cow perform the office commonly performed in other lands by the horse, the ox and the mule. The bear is a sacred animal. So is the lion. The donkey does fancy duty at the summer resorts. But there is nothing to which the Swiss woman may not turn her hand, from milking a goat to sawing a cord of wood and drying a load of hay. She is put to work in her childhood and before she reaches her maturity she looks like a grandmother, wrinkled and weather beaten, bent and care worn. The circumference, which appears at every turning and is written upon each countenance, leaves a painful impression and discredits the national character. A people so independent and so brave no reflected and so frugal as the Swiss are admitted to be, ought to be gentler.

A High Old Barbecue in Texas.

Preparations had been made on the most magnificent and lavish scale. Thousands of pounds of choicest viands smoked on the spit; a table 300 yards long, wired in and covered with one continuous abhor, spread its generous banquet to the multitude; numerous aids, attendants, knights and marshals in gay attire moved like clock work, each in his appointed sphere; the sun, every now and then, through the rifted clouds, gilded the mountain tops and kissed the folds of flags and hunting that clustered gayly in the genial breeze; every road and every train was covered with eager, expectant throngs; every eye, ear, and condition, all were there, and "all went merry as a marriage bell" till the rain began to descend in showers. Then there was hurry ing to and fro, and gatherings of dainties under wagons, wagon sheets, buggies and umbrellas. To make a long story short, the rain put an end to the speeches and ceremonies and festivities in short order, and as slowly and as the crowd dispersed, wetter, if not wiser folks. Gibbs, Beckham, Ross and Collier were there, and a host of candidates for smaller positions, and all doubtless had a dumper thrown over their spirits. —(Clifton Sentinel)

MARTHA WASHINGTON AS SHE WAS.—Martha Washington was a very pretty girl, but not a very good looking old woman. As she matured she grew stout, and though her pictures represent her as a beauty, the current history of the times say she was a plainly dressed, robust old woman, who looked older than her husband. She was not noted for her social or intellectual qualities. She could not spell, and probably she did not read a book from one end of the year to the other. She was a sort of goodly goodly woman, who almost always had knitting needles in her hands and who thought she did a great thing when she saved the ravelings of a lot of old black silk stockings and without chair covers, and wore them into a dress for herself. She was very proud of her husband, and they show the little room in the second story of the house at Mount Vernon, in which she secluded herself after his death, seeing no one for months, and allowing only a cat to enter the room through a hole which was cut in the door.

A handsomely ornamented solid silver service, costing about \$800, was presented to Speaker Carlisle by the members of the House as a testimonial in appreciation of his uniform courtesy and fairness to political opponents as well as political friends in the administration of his office of Speaker. It has been general comment that no man has ever sat in the Speaker's chair who has shown less of political and personal bias in the conduct of business, or has laid himself less open to criticism.

Harvesting machinery is unworldly for getting into barns on stormy days of over night, but it is far too valuable and expensive to be left unprotected. Iron parts, rust and wood work swell when exposed to rain and dew. A canvas covering to protect it at all times when not in use will pay good interest on its cost.

The prevalence of dress coats in the day time at Amherst commencement led a small son of one of the alumni, enjoying his first visit to the college, to exclaim: "What lots of head waiters they have here!" —(Boston Herald)

THAT WIFE OF MINE.

She met me at the door last night,
All dainty, fresh and smiling,
And threw her plump arms around my neck,
In a manner most beguiling.

Then, in her sweet, impulsive way
She hugged me, she kissed me,
And told me how the life-long day
She thought of me, and missed me.

She helped me off with coat and hat,
And led me, still close-clinging,
Into the dining room, and sat
Down at the table singing.

The meat was perfect; fresh cut flowers,
The firelight warm and rosy,
Made all seem bright; swift flew the hours,
And we were, oh! so cozy.

Then, after dinner, she and I
Sang the old songs together,
We used to sing in days gone by—
My heart was like a feather.

Our happiness made earth a heaven,
And now as I review it,
I recollect 'twas just as then,
Almost before we knew it.

We sat there on the sofa then,
She nestling close beside me,
Kissing my cheek and hair, and when
I kissed her did not chide me.

She fondly pinched my cheek, and so
Her dimpled hand upon it,
She whispered: "Darling, do you know
I need a new fall blanket."

THE UNFASHIONABLE ONE

A fashionable woman
In a fashionable place,
A fashionable bouquet
Of a fashionable hue,
A fashionable mantle
And a fashionable gown;
A fashionable christening
In a fashionable town,
A fashionable prayer-book
And a fashionable choir;
A fashionable chapel
With a fashionable spire,
A fashionable preacher
With a fashionable speech;
A fashionable sermon
Made of fashionable trash;
A fashionable welcome
At the fashionable door;
A fashionable penny
To the fashionable poor,
A fashionable brewer,
And a fashionable bell;
A fashionable bludge
For the fashionable brute;
A fashionable kneeling
And a fashionable nest;
A fashionable everything,
But no fashionable God!

—(Merchant Traveler)

The Reconciliation.

"Can you forgive me?" she murmured in a low voice, as they heaved their combined weight of 310 pounds onto the front gate. The watch dog bayed fiercely at the moon as it came up from behind a cloud (that is, the moon came up, etc.), but Angus heeded it not. He knew that the dog was chained and he was on the other side of the fence, anyhow. He retained an impenetrable silence. He could see that her heart was breaking, but he did not move. He seemed to think he had a perpetual lease on the spot.

Big, bitter, briny tears dropped on the pavement at her feet. She heeded them not. They didn't cost anything and she could get plenty more.

"Can you forgive me?" she sobbed.

"Never," he said, huskily. He had a cold.

"Remember, I am not to blame for what you do." "I was he that loved the bull dog yesterday night—not I."

"Why did you not tell me?"

"Because, alas, I knew it not. Oh, say you do not hate me."

"I do not hate you," he repeated mechanically, then, arousing himself—"but I'll tell you one thing very candidly, I've got it in for your dog and the bull-pup."

The reconciliation had come at last. It started at about 3 P. M. and lasted till her sire came out with a lantern to hunt them up.—(Merchant Traveler)

An editor who lives near where a switch engine gets in its work, figures from the continuous notes that he hears that 28 shrill whistles in very rapid succession mean "back up;" 37 whistles, prolonged and long drawn, mean "go ahead;" 59 whistles, striking B flat and Asia Minor, indicate "a switch;" 16 whistles mean "down break;" 43 whistles, of a melancholy character, mean "on on the track;" 62 whistles mean "dinner;" 100 whistles mean "supper;" 13 whistles mean "up brakes;" when approaching a crossing 73 shrill whistles are given, and with this the engineer is supposed to squirt water like the dence and to ring his bell with great vehemence.

THE ANGELS NOT TO BLAME.—The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary vocal power and had exercised them, much to Johnny's annoyance.

One day he said to his mother:

"Ma, little brother came from heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear."

Johnny was silent for some time and then went on.

"Ma, ma."

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I don't blame the angels for bouncing him, do you?" —(Merchant Traveler)

"Gentlemen," he said to the reporters, as the sheriff put the knot where it would do the most good, "will you grant me one last request before I die?"

The reporters, to a man, said they would.

"Then write me down as having been simply 'hanged,' not 'launched into eternity.' I'm no dunder."

This request caused some consternation among the young reporters, but they all kept their word.

A Glorious Resurrection.

The present prohibition movement is the most promising and certainly the greatest epoch in the history of our country.

It does not require much of a prophetic vision to see the bright glimpses of the coming revolution just as soon as we see this curse of altitudes, the liquor traffic into the deep gulfs of annihilation, and this revolution will do more to clarify and elevate the moral tone of the people and dignify our civilization than all other influences of a human character combined. This new departure that is now so certain to culminate into a grand uprising has taken most of the politicians by surprise. The radical and dignified crusade for a righteous modification of state law to prohibit the liquor traffic has been the result of the defiant character of the rum sellers, and their arrogant demands for concession and legal claims to respectability. The people are now determined and their determination is taking a very active form.

Prohibition has been the rallying cry for young men and old men, both of whom are forming into prohibition clubs all over the land. In New York, New Jersey and all the New England States, and all over the West the people are hurrying forward with zeal and enthusiasm. The South is combined and in every section of the country prohibitionists have their representatives in complete political organizations.

The church is taking an active political interest and the atmosphere is full of prohibition everywhere. We now feel some of the inspiration that was prevalent when the grand old party first developed into life and activity for the destruction of slavery. The lightning flashes of truth and the thunder of an awakened conscience are hurried along on a hot-tide of heroic enthusiasm. This cyclone of moral revolution has developed with a rapidity that has astonished everybody, and that the prohibition party will be triumphant in the near future, is as certain as the tides ebb and flow; nothing can now stay its onward progress. The fate of the people is, "The saloon must go!" —(Democrat's Monthly)

Cremation.

Of the 1,000,000,000 people inhabiting the earth, about 18,000,000 die annually. It is an approach to the truth to say that the weight of this immense body of animal matter cast into the grave amounts to no less than 634,000 tons, and by its decomposition produce 9,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of matter.

The disposition of our multitudinous dead in the most rational and scientific manner, and for the best interests of the living, is at the present time a question of importance, and one exciting much discussion. The custom of inhumation of the dead, which was practiced immemorably by the Hebrews, because generally recognized by the nations of Europe at the commencement of the Christian Era. Before that time the Greeks and Romans, during a period of civilization in many respects higher than our own, buried their dead, and so strong was their repugnance to the idea of burial that only suicides were denied the right of cremation.

Aside from the advantages of cremation from a sanitary point of view, the immense saving which would be made over our present display and expensive custom of burial is a matter of no little importance. To the poor man, a death in his family, aside from his burden of grief, brings a burden of debt totally out of proportion to his limited means. By cremation every requirement of decency can be carried out, every detail respectful to the dead, every religious rite can be observed, and every sentiment of reverence and love be expressed and respected, and while death in any household will be calamitous, it will not be in the same that the event will impoverish the survivors if this method were adopted.

The Mexican border is polluted with the war fever. Religious bigotry is making the streets of Belfast to run with blood. The fisheries question again stirs up discord on our northern border. The first of the dynamite things who have done their atrocious work in this free republic are on trial at Chicago. The labor organizations are agitated by intestine quarrels which may bring to naught all their long and painful efforts at combination and compel them to build anew from the foundation. The democracy and the aristocracy of England, the masses and the classes, are girding themselves for mortal conflict.

Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, is a model republican statesman. He wants the government to spend hundreds of millions educating everybody and other hundreds of millions pensioning everybody. He wants the laws so framed that nobody will have a right to take a drink of liquor, and he is in favor of a constitutional amendment providing for female suffrage. If the millennium can be legislated into existence Blair is the very man to do it.—(Louisville Times)

India rubber is menaced with a rival. The rubber dealers of eastern Nicaragua think they have discovered a tree whose gum will give as much satisfaction as rubber, and will, in fact, take its place. They say that the milk of the tree furnishes a most excellent gutta-percha, equal to the best found in the eastern tropics, while the number of trees is virtually inexhaustible, and the gum can be produced with profit at 12 cents per pound.

MAYWOOD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

The crops here have not suffered for lack of rain.

—Rev. Paul Volk will preach at Logan's Creek on Sunday, August 29 at 3 o'clock.

—Rev. C. C. Green will rule his meetings hereafter by the Sundays instead of by the Saturdays as has formerly been the custom with the Baptist brethren at this place.

During the thunder storm last Thursday lightning struck Mr. Sheep Cash's barn near Maywood, setting it on fire and entirely consuming the building together with about 5 tons of hay, a lot of plows and other farming implements. As it was not insured everything that was burned is a total loss.

—Miss Maggie Brown, the pretty "school warm" at White Oak, is visiting the family of Mr. J. M. Martin. Mr. Alvin Oresstreet and sister, Miss Sudie, of Jessamine county, are at Mr. N. W. Sampson's. Miss Alice Perkins, of Waynesburg, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Craig Lynn. Miss Mollie Boone has gone to Louisville to take in the Exposition. J. M. Ware has gone to Anderson county to attend the Lawrenceburg Fair.

A Story of a Sensitive Physician's Humiliations and Bereavement.

A gentleman residing in Middletown, who was visiting in Sullivan county last week, was attracted by eight headstones in a little grass grown cemetery, near Fallsburgh, all of which stood in a row and were exactly alike. He got out of his wagon to look at them, and found that they were all children of a well known physician, and that all were grown when stricken down, and that the dates on the headstones showed that the first one died Nov. 23, 1861, and the other seven between that date and Dec. 15 following, or that the entire family of eight children had died within eight weeks.

When speaking of the matter to friends that day, he was told the history of the case, which is regarded in that neighborhood as a visitation of Providence in punishment for defiance of the Deity.

The story as told is that in 1861 there was a scourge of diphtheria in that neighborhood, and the physician was kept busy treating patients suffering from that disease. He was very successful, and gained such confidence in his skill that he began to boast that he could cure any case, and went so far that he "defied God Almighty to produce a case of diphtheria he could not cure." In less than a week his youngest child was seized with the disease, and although he exercised his skill to the utmost, having no other professional pride but a father's love to urge him to do his best, his boy grew worse and died. One after another his children sickened and died, until all were gone, and laid side by side in the little graveyard near Fallsburgh. But one child was left, a married daughter, but in a few weeks she, too, was stricken down and became a victim to the dread disease.—(Middletown Argus)

"O mamma, you'd be surprised to know how dumb Bessie Barton is. She took me into what she said was the apathy. What do you think I saw there?" "I don't know, dear." "Why, nothing but a lot of hee-hives. There were no ages; there; not even a monkey." —(Philadelphia Call)

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. 1, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

An Old Citizen Speaks.

Mr. J. M. Norris, an old citizen of Rome, Ga., says that he had been badly troubled with Kidney Complaint for great many years and with Eczema for three years; at times could scarcely walk, and had tried many remedies without benefit, before he began taking Electric Bitters, and anointing his hands with Buckley's Arnica Salve. This treatment afforded him great relief, and he strongly recommends Electric Bitters to all who suffer with Kidney Complaints, or need a Blood Purifier. Sold by Penny & McAllister.

Most Excellent.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtues. My friends to whom I have recommended it praise it at every opportunity." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup and every affection of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Trial Bottles Free at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store, Large Size, 50c.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. Merck's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. March's Catamenial, a Female Remedy, 1 cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Indigestion and Ulceration, Fainting and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, headless many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Stomach, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Price \$1 and 50c per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. March, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NOTICE.

I have one 2-year-old registered bull and one 2-year-old and several good yearlings, entitled to a register, for sale cheap. A. H. FELLAND, 138-1st St., Stanford, Ky.

G. B. HARRIS, Ag't

Wm. Deering & Co.'s Mowers, Binders and Reapers, Crab Orchard, - - Kentucky. 114-1st

Sale of Store-House & Lot.

As Administrator with the will annexed of T. T. Davies, dec'd, I offer for sale privately the Store-House and Lot on Lancaster at, Stanford, Ky.

Now occupied by Miss Suwade Beasley. J. B. FANTON, Adm'r.

MILLERSBURG

Female College!

This popular school, after a year of unparalleled success under

REV. C. POPE, President,

MRS. S. C. TRUEHEART, LADY PRINCIPAL.

Again offers itself for public patronage. With increased facilities, an enlarged Faculty and an elevated course of study, it affords unusual opportunities for the education of your daughters.

Send for Catalogue to REV. C. POPE, Millersburg, Ky.

MACK BRUCE'S

Buggy & Implement House.

I have now

A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements,

—Besides a—

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand, in connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully, I. M. BRUCE.

112-1st

BOURNE!

—FROM WHENCE—

No Traveler Returns Sick!

In these tight times each buyer should consult his own interests. Why should you give one merchant 50c for an article when you can buy the same thing from another for 40c? To do this is not justice to yourself or family.

In the next place, you should be sure to get good articles. Your goods are dear at any price. No where is this more so than in Medicine. You might as well pay 50c an ounce for saw dust as for inert medicine.

Bourne has just received his large stock of Medicines of all kinds. Every article fresh from the manufacturers, the best and the cheapest selection of fancy goods, new case articles, &c. &c. The celebrated Lumina's Spectacles and eye glasses a specialty. The best brands of mixed paints—every kind warranted. Jewellery, sewing machine goods, anglers' goods, artists' goods, chromos, frames, lamps, brushes, books of all kinds, stationery, a thousand articles for the grand families, children and the smallest baby in the business—all at

Dr. M. L. Bourne's New Drug Store, Stanford, Ky.

AYER'S

Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chills, Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Headache or "Break-bone" Fever, Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884.

"For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill."

EDWIN HARPER.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

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Two (2) Daily Trains from Louisville to St. Louis

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Only 10 hours from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The Only Line by which you can get a Through Sleeping Car

From Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The O. & M. is the only line running through from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis, all other routes being made up of a combination of small roads.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway runs Palatial sleeping Cars on night trains; Luxurious Pullman Cars on day trains; Elegant Day Coaches on all trains.

Direct and close connections are made in UNION DEPOT with diverging lines by the O. & M. Railway, thus avoiding troublesome transfers by other routes.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway is the only line between Louisville, Cincinnati and St. Louis under one management, running all its trains through solid and in consequence is recognized First-Class Route.

Travel those lines.

Apply to ticket Agents of connecting lines for full particulars as to rates, time, maps, circulars or any desired information, or write to

ROBT. H. FORMAN, Trav. Pass. Ag't O. & M. R'y, Somerset, Ky.

W. M. PEARMAN, W. & O. R'y, Louisville, O.

Gen. Pass. Ag't, Cincinnati, O.

H. K. TAYLOR,

Of LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate at the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

Mill For Sale!

I offer for sale privately my

FLOUR AND GRIST MILL,

On Dix River, 5 miles from Danville, on the Danville and Lexington turnpike. It is a very valuable piece of Property and can be had at a bargain by addressing me at Stanford, Ky.

143-1st

W. H. FLOYD.

NEWCOMB HOTEL

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

I will deliver ice to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

One Cent Per Pound.

Accounts due at the close of each month, or when customer quits.

122-1st

R. E. BARROW.

Stanford Female College,

STANFORD, KY.

The Next Session Opens September 1.

Noted for Health, Comfort, Home Care, Good Discipline, well Qualified and Efficient Teachers, Thorough Training and wide scope of Instruction.

Graduates in three different courses, arranged to suit the mental tastes and capacities of pupils. For Catalogue apply to

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Connecting in the same depot with

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Lynchburg, Danville, Norfolk and all Virginia and North Carolina Ports.

For tickets and further information, apply to your nearest ticket office or address W. W. Monroe, General Agent, Lexington, Ky.

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congress,

JAMES B. MCCREARY.

Of Madison.

We do not suppose Congress observed it, but when the great hue and cry for a change of the rules of the House was made last winter, this paper entered a protest, because it was evident that the committee on appropriations, being responsible for the outlay, would be less apt to countenance extravagance than the several committees among which its duties were divided. The history of the House since the adoption of the new rules proves that our fears were well founded. Reviewing it, that close observer, the New York Sun, says: The experience of the democratic majority of the Forty-ninth Congress with respect to the annual appropriations makes two things very clear. First, the experiment of intrusting river and harbor legislation to a special committee on Rivers and Harbors does not work as a safeguard against extravagance. It works the other way. It piles up the millions. The Committee on Rivers and Harbors should be abolished. Secondly, the change in the rules at the beginning of the present session, narrowing the functions of the Committee on Appropriations and distributing the appropriation bills among other committees, was a mistake. It has resulted in increased expenditures, divided responsibility, loss of definite, systematic, well-balanced action on questions of voting money out of the treasury. The old powers of the committee on appropriations should be restored.

In an interview with Commonwealth's Attorney R. C. Warren yesterday, he stated that his friends in various parts of the district had written him of gross irregularities in the election and in some cases of absolute fraud, all of which he intended personally to investigate, and if substantiated beyond question, he would contest the election, otherwise he would not. He had come out of the race with credit and in the face of a large majority against his party had, even with the alleged frauds, come within a few scores of votes of being elected. He could not afford to take the office except under the clearest title, nor would he submit his party to any reproach by a resort to a contest, unless it was plain that the will of the people had been defeated by the grossest fraud. A truer man nor a better democrat never lived than Dick Warren and his friends may rest assured he will do only what is absolutely correct in the matter. He left yesterday for Somerset and other points in the district and will reserve his decision in the matter till after a thorough investigation.

It seems strange, considering how exacting are its duties, that when a man once gets into the business of newspaper making he can rarely ever give it up entirely until his toes are tucked under the daisies. Capt. Wallace Gruelle is the latest example of the fact. A little over a year ago he gave up the Breckenridge News to accept the position of deputy marshal under Captain Gross at \$2,000 a year. But he has ever since sighed to be back with the boys, who will be delighted to know that he has bought the Leitchfield Sunbeam, resigned his position and will soon again let loose the pent-up wit and humor that a year's vacation has kept from the world. Captain, we salute you!

The statement is printed and backed up by evidence that Col. R. M. Kelly, during his incumbency of the position of pension agent, got \$38,826.20 behind in his accounts with the government, which amount was made good by his sureties and the contributions of his friends. We had always looked upon Col. Kelly as the embodiment of honesty and if we have been mistaken we shall feel like exclaiming, "There is no honest republican; no not one."

An anomalous state of affairs exists in the gubernatorial race in Tennessee. The republicans had previously nominated Alf Taylor for governor and Friday the democrats conferred a similar honor on his brother, R. L. Taylor. Both are strong partisans and the joint canvasses will be a warm one, though personal and family matters, it is safe to predict, will be left out of the discussions.

We urge all patriots to discountenance talk of a war with Mexico. In Boston financial circles such a war would be a godsend. In the Southwest it would gratify the rough element which is not yet in accord with railroads and fences. But it would throw the finances of America once more into the hands of Wall street, whence they are now almost emerging.

RUCKER, the editor of a mongrel sheet at Somerset, is still disturbing his alleged mind about what he chooses to term the Lincoln county hoaxes. The trouble with Rucker is that he is a hebetudinous crank, whose vision is affected with phantasmagoria.

CHRISTINE NILSON, that sweet singer, upon whom the breath of scandal never rested, was married in Paris last week to Count Miranda, of Spain, and will sing no more in public. A funny paper says that she will devote her time hereafter to lecturing.

Gov. LESLIE seems to have given up all hopes of a reversal of the result of his late defeat for judge in the 7th district by a contest, for he has already applied for one of the Washington Territory judgeships.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Another bond call of ten millions has been issued by the Treasury.

—The Southern people have contributed \$46,396.50 to a fund for Mrs. Hancock.

—Moses Aaron Hopkins, the colored Minister to Liberia, died at his post a few weeks ago.

—T. E. Sample, Car Inspector of the Owensboro & Nashville, was run over and killed near Russellville.

—The District Teachers' Institute is not being held in Somerset as stated, having for some reason been indefinitely postponed.

—The President has appointed W. H. Webster to be chief examiner of the civil service commission. Mr. Webster is a republican.

—Hon. Albert Torrence, former Register of the United States Land Office and a prominent republican politician of Arkansas, is dead.

—Ex-President Arthur is reported as being much improved in health. His weight has increased from 130 to 170 pounds during his stay at New London.

—In the storm of Thursday last, Joe Riddle, a man named Ham and a little girl were killed by lightning in the Bee Lick neighborhood in Pulaski.

—Hon. John Goode, late Solicitor General, has been appointed Government counsel in the Pan-Atlantic trials as the assistant of Judge Allen G. Thurman.

—Daniel Madigan fell from the roof of a house in New York Sunday and was killed. Thomas Donovan, had his right leg broken and was internally hurt by Madigan falling upon him.

—The proposition for a subscription of \$100,000 from Anderson county to secure the Louisville Southern came to a conclusion Saturday by a special election in which it was defeated.

—Prof. J. W. Dodd, L. L. D., of Vanderbilt University, died Sunday evening at the residence of Dr. J. Q. A. Stewart, at Frankfurt. He was one of the foremost educators of the South.

—Bell, the Washington photographer who sells Miss Cleveland's pictures, says he is printing 500 copies per day and can not keep up with his orders. New York sends most of the orders.

—The receipts of the government since July 1 have been nearly \$4,000,000 in excess of the receipts during the same period last year. These figures are taken as an indication of the good state of business throughout the country.

—"We, democrats of Texas, express our hearty satisfaction with the administration of our distinguished President, the Hon. Grover Cleveland, and testify our confidence in his ability, purity and integrity."

—[From platform just adopted.]

—Expert actuaries compute that within the next 25 years the United States pension roll will cost tax payers of America more than \$2,000,000,000, a greater sum than England has expended upon her military establishment during the last quarter of a century.

—The story comes from Chattanooga that Miss Belle Clayton gave birth to a child which she and her brother, to hide her shame, buried alive. The brother has been arrested and is in danger of being lynched, while Miss Clayton appears to have made her escape.

—A story of the sea, brought to Portland, Me., is to the effect that the crew of a schooner, becoming crazy drunk on rum, mutinied and running the vessel on the rocks, sunk her, all on board being lost. In the disturbance the captain shot and killed three of the mutineers.

—The superintendent of public schools in Bullitt county attempted to bring the white and negro teachers together in an Institute, but the white teachers very naturally revolted at such an attempt and broke the thing up. That superintendent had better cross over on the other side of the Ohio, where the civil rights bill is in force.

—[News.]

—A. M. Kelly, whose appointment as Minister to Austria caused a good deal of comment on account of that government declining to receive him, owing to Mrs. Kelly's being a Jewess, has been appointed by the President to represent the United States on the bench of a sort of consolidated court of all nations that sits at Constantinople.

—Mrs. S. J. Robinson, of Somerville, Mass., is in jail at that place on the charge of murder. It is thought that Mrs. Robinson is responsible for the poisoning of more than 100 persons, including members of her own family. If she killed just one person who asked, "Is this hot enough for you?" we hope the jury will take her provocation into consideration.

—[Courier-Journal.]

—Exclusive of the damage to lumber interest, the forest fires in Wisconsin are estimated to have damaged property worth \$1,100,000. The number of homeless families is estimated at 700, representing 3,500 people. The loss to the cranberry interest is put at \$200,000. Cattle and horses perished by the hundred, either from thirst or suffocation. It does not appear that any human lives were lost.

—Gen. C. C. Augur, retired, of the regular army, was shot four times by a negro named Win. Pope in Washington Sunday last. Pope and a companion were standing in front of Gen. Augur's residence using profane and vulgar language. When ordered to move on they refused, and when Gen. Augur attempted to force them to leave Pope shot him. It is not thought that his wounds are fatal.

—[Crab Orchard, Lincoln County.]

—Mrs. H. L. Slegler will for the next two weeks sell any or all of her millinery stock at cost. It will greatly oblige her if all those indebted to her will call in the same time and place.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Prof. Golan Hann and family, of Biloxi, Miss., returned to their home yesterday, after a visit to friends here.

—G. P. Turner wishes to sell his fine farm of 292 acres, one mile from the Danville and Perryville pikes, in the West End.

—Wm. Minor, a youth of 19 from the West End, was brought to town yesterday morning to be taken to the Asylum. He is a son of John Minor and seems to be badly demented.

—A base ball game between the Danvilles and Nicholasvilles was won by the latter; score 6 to 4. The Hendersons play the Danvilles here to-day, to-morrow and next day.

—In the county court yesterday morning an inventory appraisal of the estate of Mrs. A. E. Hutchison was filed and ordered to record; also settlements of D. H. Yelver, guardian of Jessie and Fannie Schofield.

—The Louisville paper that "keeps on" after Mr. John W. Yerkes because he happened to be defeated in the late race for the Superior Court Judgeship, is informed that Mr. Yerkes is not a candidate for Attorney General or anything else.

—Mr. W. W. Penn, of Junction City, was in town Saturday arranging one of those big half-fare excursions to leading points in the Southwest. Mr. Penn is very proficient in his business and constantly growing in popularity with the traveling public.

—A child of James Ludwick, on Salt River, near Nevada, was killed by lightning Thursday evening. His father and Dr. Phelps' little son were made insensible by the same stroke. During the same storm a straw stack on the farm of George Harman was burned up by lightning. The threshers had just taken the wheat from the straw when the lightning struck it.

—[Mt. Vernon, Rockcastle County.]

—Willie Adams, Jr., and L. B. Carter both came to town Friday and surrendered themselves to the Judge of the Circuit Court. They executed bonds, Adams in the sum of \$500 and Carter \$1,000, each in two cases. Carter will apply for a change of venue to another county, claiming that political feeling is so high here that he can not obtain a fair and impartial trial.

—The lightning and rain were very severe in this county Thursday. In the southern end of the county lightning struck and killed a daughter of Willis Reynolds. Several other members of the family were quite seriously shocked. In the same locality George Proctor's house was struck and torn to the ground. Two members of the family were in the house, but were not dangerously injured.

—M. V. Wiley recovered a verdict of \$2,500 against the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in the Circuit Court, for being ejected from one of the defendant's trains. Wiley left the train for which he had purchased a ticket, the conductor declining to give him a stop over ticket. Boarding another train the following day, he offered the former conductor's check in lieu of his fare, which was declined. On his refusal to pay he was ejected from the train; hence the suit. The suit was for \$10,000.

—[Land, Stock and Crop.]

—FOR SALE.—300 No. 1 breeding ewes. A. F. Nunnally.

—Pure-bred yearling Southdown bucks for sale by F. Reid, Stanford, Ky. 4.

—A. T. Nunnally sold to D. N. Prewitt 66 head 190 pound hogs at 4 cents.

—FOR SALE.—A first-class yoke of work cattle. Apply to R. E. Barrow, or Master-corn Pepton.

—"J. D." a fine trotter belonging to Joe Quisenberry at Paris has been sold to a Rochester horseman for \$7,000.

—FOR SALE.—Eight yearling thoroughbred Southdown bucks and 7 buck lambs. J. E. Carson, Crab Orchard, Ky.

—George W. Cayce, of Beverly, had a field of 9 acres of white wheat from which he harvested 525 bushels, an average of 58 1/2 bushels per acre.—[Hopkinsville South Kentuckian.]

—Wm. Moreland bought of Andy Tucker 13 head of 950 pound cattle at 3 cents, and of David Stephenson 4, averaging 1,000 lbs., at \$2 90. He has also bought about 500 head of sheep in this county at 2 to 2 1/2.

—[Had it Bad.]

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

One who attended the Grand Military Ball at Crab Orchard hands us the following interesting description of the many rare specimens of female loveliness and beauty, who were in attendance on that memorable occasion: He says their complexions were of velvety softness, white and clear as the finest Parian, and beneath whose polished surface the delicate tracery of each vein and artery were distinctly visible. Their eyebrows were exquisitely penciled and the long silken lashes, shaded orbs, dark as the moonless night, that charmed and fascinated alike when kindling in anger or glowing with the blessed light of an honest and holy love. Masses of luxuriant hair, black as the plumage of the raven, fell in long ringlets and plaits down their finely arched necks and over their nicely rounded busts and shoulders. Teeth of pearly whiteness, and form of small but elegant proportions, and neatly turned feet and ankles; all were dressed in the latest, most gorgeous and select style, and wore jewels that shone with a brilliancy that reminded one of the twinkling stars of the heavens. This ravishing display completes the picture and formed a tout ensemble not often seen at health resorts, and one that will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present and witnessed it.

—Sunday's Courier-Journal contains the cut and biography of S. W. Wesley, a Texan cowboy, who is creating quite a stir as an evangelist in the West.

NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN JAPAN.

A Wonderful Type Case—A Perfect Maze of Noise and Confusion.

The office of The Meiji-Nichi Shinbun, a Japanese newspaper, is thus described: The feature of the Shinbun office was its type case—for there was only one of holy type, and such a type case! It is divided for utility into two sections, sloping toward an alley five feet wide. Each section is four feet wide by thirty feet long—four by sixty. There's a news case for you! This is divided into small compartments or boxes, into which the type is laid in regular piles, several piles in a box, with faces all toward the compositor, mostly boys, big and little. Each holds a wooden "stick" with brass rule. The type is all of a size; the "stick" is not set to the measure of the column, which is twenty ems pica, but to about half the measure—it being the business of the other workmen to impose the lines in columns, take proof and make up forms.

Now, then, the type setting. Armed with sticks and rules and copy, the dozen compositors read the last in an earnest, slug-sung way, each rushing to some box far or near for the needed letter, then back ten or twelve feet to the next one; all are on the lively move, rushing and skipping to and fro, right and left, up and down, chasing, balancing to partners, swing the corners, up and back, singing the copy, catching one letter here, another there, prancing and dodging, humming and skipping—a promenade, cotillon, Virginia reel, racyet, and all hands around upon the same floor at the same time and the same dancers in each—a perfect maze of noise and confusion, yet out of confusion bringing printed order. It was a sight to be seen. "How many different characters are there in this case, anyhow?" we asked our guide. Then our guide asked the printers, and none could answer better than say: "No body knows, sir! Nobody knows—many thousands." Later on we repeated the same question to a more intelligent person, who said: "At least 50,000." That will account for the remarkable size of the case, and the racing to and fro of the compositors.

Just why they intone their copy all the while was not made so clear—other than the remark that it was the custom. Tokio monopolizes the Japan newspaper business, there being only one other point—Kobe—in eastern Japan, where newspapers are printed. The masses of the people are able to read in their own way, but comparatively few can grasp the full flow of Chinese characters. In point of illiteracy, the statistics place this nation at only 7 per cent. or next to Bavaria, which is the lowest on the list.—Electrical Review.

Sand Drifts on the Baltic Shore.

On the south shore of the Baltic the sins of reckless forefathers are being cruelly visited upon their descendants. Two hundred years ago the coasts of Prussia were defended by a bulwark of magnificent beech forests, that resisted the invasions of floods and dunes; but about the time of the great elector the work of devastation began and continued until some 10,000 square miles of woodlands had been turned into naked sandhills. Now nature is getting her revenge. Year after year the rains and strong floods have washed out the remaining vegetable film of the soil, leaving nothing but sand and gravel, which gradually accumulated in towering dunes, and at last invaded the landward settlements with a perfect avalanche of drift sand.

Seen from the village of Schwarzwitz, fifty miles northeast of Koenigsberg, the destruction dealing sand ridges looms up to a height of 120 feet, baked and steep, ever rising by additional deposits brought in by the sand laden sea storms, and ever threatening to charge those deposits upon the southern valleys. The fisher hamlets of Allmogen and Karwar were literally submerged by a single storm, and the little town of Pilsuppen had twice to be moved, with all its buildings and fences. The remaining vestiges of the ancient woodlands are unable to stay the tide. A fine forest near Schwarzwitz has been turned into a sand bank, crowned by the withered tops of beech trees, which have yielded work of the entire coast population would fail to rescue from their sand grave.—Dr. Felix L. Dönnik.

Particulars of a Curious Discovery.

Great interest is felt throughout Italy in the condition of a man named Sueti, who lives at Forli, in the Romagna, and who asserts that he has discovered in the course of his travels through a great part of Africa a sort of liquor extracted from various herbs which has the effect of "numbifying" the body, so to speak, and rendering it impossible to any kind of want, such as hunger or thirst; while it will admit of a person taking any poison, however violent, without feeling any ill effects. A committee of the inhabitants of Forli has been formed, at his request, to watch the experiments which he is making upon himself, and several doctors who examined him have stated that the case is a very curious one, and that they cannot detect any fraud. Sueti takes nothing but four glasses of water a day, and says that he feels very well. At the request of Prof. Bezzi, of the Bologna Academy of Medicine, he has started for that city, where he proposes to go through another course of fasting and to take poison.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How Joseph Cook Passes the Time.

Joseph Cook passes the summers on his paternal farm and birthplace, in the enchanting valley of the Trent brook on the delightful drive from Ticonderoga to Hingham. He has a large income, and has built for his residence adjoining the old homestead. His library, although not so large as at Boston, is extensive. A unique feature of his establishment is a newspaper room fifteen feet square, three sides of which are lined with shelves for the reception and classification of papers, which he receives from every quarter of the globe, while convenient tables render it an easy matter to open and examine any journal desired. Upon the roof of the house are two towers, in each of which is a sundium sanctorum, occupied respectively by Mr. and Mrs. Cook, and reached by a sliding trapdoor. "When I go to my study," says Mr. Cook, "the world below is shut out and buried, and it is understood that I am not to be disturbed." Mrs. Cook is also a scholarly lady, and pursues her studies with unflagging zeal.—Troy Press.

The Russian Empire's Penitentiaries.

The Russian Empire contains 84 penitentiary establishments (at least that is the number of which the administrator of prisons publishes any account. Their occupants on the 1st of January last year numbered 94,515 of both sexes, an excess of nearly 8 per cent. above the returns of the preceding twelve months. Of these persons, the ordinary houses of detention contained 68,000, the convict prisons 6,500, the reformatories 8,000, the prisons in Poland 8,000. The proportion of women was less than 10 per cent. of the whole, but in the kingdom of Poland the women amounted to 16 per cent. of the incarcerated (probably owing to their participation in political agitation). Nearly 750,000 arrests take place in the year.—New York Sun.

The Newgirls of Mexico City.

The newgirls in the City of Mexico are all girls, and when they accept a customer they say nothing, but just hold up the paper, and it sells at sight.

Cardinal Gibbons' net did not cast him no less than \$25,393.

—The regular appropriations made by Congress for the year 1886-87 are \$1,000,000,000.

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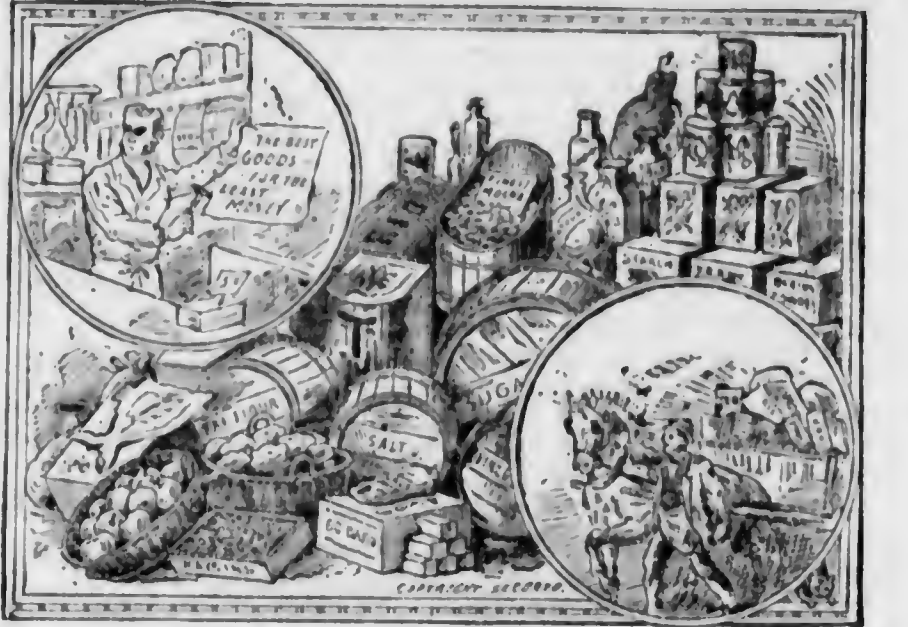
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NOVEL FIREWORKS.

PYROTECHNIC DESIGNS PREPARED FOR THE SUMMER'S DISPLAY.

A list of the latest and most attractive Novelties—Japanese Day-Fireworks—For the Young Folks—Hints on How to Avoid Danger.

For some weeks past the trade in fireworks has been unusually large, especially from the west, and many novelties for pyrotechnic effect have been introduced for the summer's display. Among these are "water fireworks," made for use in water only. They include "diving devils," flying fish, floating illuminator, Roman fountain, water volcano, spray fountain, jeweled fountain, and water-wheel. Colored flying pigeons are also new. They fly a distance of from 100 to 200 feet and return to the starting point. Colored aerolites are another novel feature. They begin with an illumination of changing colors, change to a fiery fountain, and then discharge high in the air a blazing aerolite, which finally disappears with a grand explosion.

Other novelties are twin asteroid rockets, each at its highest altitude throwing out two asteroids, which float away in the air and change colors in burning; colored pyrotechnic fountains of fire drops, intermingling through each other with kaleidoscopic effect; geysers, or revolving rockets, resembling a wheel of fire ascending in the air; the man in the moon with a large, round, laughing face, colored aerolites, which are large-sized mounds of fire, throw out a shower of fire with intermediate stars of variegated colors, and finally explode with a heavy report, discharging high in the air a mass of fiery contortions, hissing and spurning in every direction, with trails of brilliant fire. What is claimed to be the greatest novelty ever produced in this country in this line are Japanese day-fireworks. These are shells thrown from a mortar to a considerable height, which explode and release figures of animals, fish, birds, dragons, and colored smoke effects, which float a long time in the air. A novelty in the same line are animal-figure balloons, which are inflated with hot air. They are made of colored paper in the shape of pigs, elephants, and fishes.

NOVELTY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.
A novelty for the young folks are Bengal-light fireworks. This is a look of six leaves, with three stripes to each leaf. A strip of leaf torn from the book and lighted will burn with a brilliant red or green illumination. When asked if a great deal of injury and damage caused by fireworks every year, a reporter for the *Interior* said that it could not be avoided if proper care was used. A reporter for the *Interior* said that it could not be avoided if proper care was used. A reporter for the *Interior* said that it could not be avoided if proper care was used.

Fireworks should be fired at a very slight angle to the ground. Flaming bonfires, mines, batteries, fountains, and aerolites should be placed erect in an open place and fired from the ground. Verticals, triangles, and other shapes should be securely nailed to a post, care be taken that the place will revolve freely without striking the post when fired. Colored illuminating fire should be poured out on a dry surface, in a short time, according to the quantity used, and fired at one end, to burn toward the wind. Set pieces should be fastened securely to posts and placed upright, care being taken to cut all the strings, but not the fuses, and to see that all wheels are in their proper places and will revolve freely when fired; also that the fuses hang within convenient distance for lighting, which should be done by removing paper from the end and lighting the black match. Bonfires with great care to prevent premature discharge. The mortar should be planted upright on the ground in an open space; the bonfire should be dropped in cartridge and end, with a fuse inclosed left hanging out of the muzzle of the gun. The mortar should be swabbed out carefully after each shell is fired, so that no sparks remain, and great care should be taken when loading or firing that no part of the person projects over the muzzle of the gun. The bonfire should be removed from the cover paper from the end of the fuse and lighting the black end of the match.—New York Letter.

What Paris Imports from Germany.
It must be like gall and wormwood to the Parisian epicure to know that most of the delicacies that please the gourmet's taste are now imported from Germany, such as carib, trout from Stettin, eels and salmon from Hamburg, trout from the Moselle, and even the foie gras from Strasbourg. No wonder that the French so deeply deplore the loss of Lorraine and Alsace. Besides this, the export of game and crawfish, etc., from Germany to Paris forms a more important item than is generally supposed. According to the *Mackthal-Zeitung*, Germany sent 250,000 marks of the 250,000 last year consumed in the French metropolis; yet the full-blooded Parisian boasts of their native origin. The Fatherland also sent to France, and chiefly to Paris, 11,000 stags and deer, besides 300 boars. The demand for rabbits is quite so large, as the ready Parisian cook finds an ample supply of young cats for stewing purposes in the home market. German beer and German sausage are also in great request, despite the efforts of those who entertain an intense hatred for the Fatherland.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Gen. McClellan's Opinion of R. E. Lee.
Gen. Lee and I knew each other well in the days before the war. We had served together in Mexico and commanded against each other in the Peninsula. I had the highest respect for his ability as a commander, and knew that he was not a general to be trifled with. I had an opportunity of striking a fatal blow. Each of us naturally regarded his own army as the better, but each entertained the highest respect for the other's army; and this feeling extended to the officers and men. It was perfectly natural under these circumstances that both of us should exercise a certain amount of caution. I in my endeavors to ascertain Lee's strength, position and intentions before I struck the final blow; he to abstain from any extended movements of invasion, and to hold his army well in hand until he could be satisfied as to the condition of the Army of the Potomac after its second Bull Run campaign and as to the intentions of its commander.—Gen. McClellan in *The Century*.

His Reverence for George Washington.
Robbie has been brought up to have a profound reverence for the father of his country and to think that no other hero quite compared with George Washington. The other day his brother was talking about his shoes. "Now, George's buttons are all coming off his shoes, mamma," he said, "but I haven't lost one off mine for weeks." The reason is," remarked his mother, proudly, "that your mother sewed them on herself. I have come to the conclusion that no human being understands or ever understood the art of putting on shoes—buttons but your mother." Little Robbie was listening, and here he asked reproachfully: "Not even George Washington, mamma?"—Harper's *Magazine*.

TALKING TO THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid,
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

—Robert L. Stevenson.

EXPERIMENTS IN JUTE RAISING.

Preparing the Fiber for Market—Good News for the South.

The announcement that a company has been organized in New York to make a thorough experiment in jute raising in the south, is a cheerful bit of news. The company has leased 30,000 acres of land in Madison county, Alabama, and will plant it in jute and ramie; it will also establish a factory for preparing the fiber for market. It can not but be a gratification to Professor Waterhouse, of this city, who has written and said so much in behalf of jute culture in the south, the introduction of this broad, practical enterprise given to his theory.

Northern capitalists have been brought at last to believe that this fiber, which is surpassing others in the manufacture of so many kinds of cloth, can be profitably grown in our southern states—and that we can not only save the \$20,000,000 a year we now pay for India jute, but establish in this country a new system of prosperous manufactures. The city of Dundee, in Scotland, lives very largely upon the jute industry, the jute being imported from India and manufactured for export to all parts of the world. We have important jute-manufactures in this country, too, but the bolls, which are the raw material, are brought from the other side of the world, and this necessitates an outlay which would be saved if we could raise our own supplies.

There are good reasons for believing that we can do this. Partial experiments already made have been very satisfactory. The plant requires rich soil and a warm, moist climate—conditions found in Louisiana and parts of Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina and Georgia. Jute stalks of very large size have been raised in Louisiana, and it is claimed that a crop of the fiber can be made with one-half the labor required for cotton, which will yield twice as much money. This, if it should be practically demonstrated, will be of great value to the southern states. It will give them two staples instead of one; it will curtail the cultivation of cotton, which has been carried to an extreme, and it will make southern plantations the seat of a coarse and simple manufacture which will still further diversify the industry of that region. The Alabama enterprise will be watched with interest in southern planters, and if the results shall be satisfactory, jute and ramie culture will become an important feature in southern agriculture.—St. Louis Republic.

Maintaining Appearances.

I knew a family of "broken-down gentility," with whom the strictest economy was a necessity, and who were compelled to appear in society and dress accordingly, whose place of residence was unknown to their most intimate friends. They lived in the cheapest apartments around the corner from a fashionable boarding house, where they every day dined. When they made calls, the number of the house in the street was on their cards, and cards were left there for them. Two or three times in the season the ladies received in the parlor of this boarding house, at which their friends supposed they lived, as usual price being paid for the use of the rooms for the three hours of the reception. In society these ladies shone in velvets, laces, silks, and diamonds, and did their full share with other New York women, who believe dress is the chief end of women's existence, in snubbing those who had not learned the art of keeping up appearances. The mother of this family was a woman of wonderful attainments and great personal beauty, and would have been respected among sensible people in a woolen gown, but, poor thing, she thought the world expected her to appear handsomely dressed and she made a martyr of herself in public opinion. She had diamonds and a "camel's hair," but when she died, as she did, overworked and broke-hearted, two years ago, she was mourned by those who appreciated her and not her clothes, kind friends provided for her burial, even to the furnishing of underclothing.—New York Cor. Chicago Journal.

The Bicycle a Universal Vehicle.

The bicycle is getting to be a universal vehicle. You can find it everywhere. It spins along the asphalt at Coney Island, and out on the well-laid Westchester roads; it defies the law in the parks and on the avenues, and has even taken to mountain climbing. The adventures of Mr. Stevens, in his attempt to wheel his way through Asia, have been told by the papers. Now another adventurous spirit proposes to "cycle across South America, from Buenos Ayres to Asuncion. This time it is also going to be a man, Mr. Pennell, the archer, and his wife, who is a niece of Hans Christian Andersen, of Philadelphia, have told in *The Century* of their trip in England and in Italy. Such trips are common enough abroad and are getting to be common here. If you wish to see the bicyclist in his glory, however, you must go to Washington. Boss Shepherd's pavements make that town a paradise for the wheelman. After the departments close the streets are alive with clerks on wheels. They work harder amusing themselves, I have an idea, than they do benefiting the country.—Alfred Trumbull, in *New York News*.

Lorenzo Dow's Durable Shingles.

The oldest shingles on a house in this state cover the roof of the old Dow homestead, in which the eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow, lived at Oxbow lake, eight miles west of this city, in the town of Montville. Lorenzo put the shingles on himself. He drew them in his cart from the Connecticut River. They were rived and planed and joined by hand, and the marks of the clamps in which they were held while they were being prepared are plainly visible on them yet. Mr. N. H. Vars, who dwells in the Dow house, says that the shingles apparently are just as sound as on the day when they were nailed to the rafters, sixty-five years ago. Not one is missing, and none is rotten or punky. He says that they will last for sixty or seventy years longer. Lorenzo liked good work, and after he had put them on he said to his neighbors that "they were going to last to the day of judgment, or thereabouts." The Dow house is somewhat decrepit; it is shaky; the gables have sagged, and the walls are weather beaten. It is on the shore of Lake Umbagog, and it looks desolate and forsaken.—New York Cor. New York Sun.

Mary Anderson is growing bronzed and stouter under the suns of England and the spell of entire rest.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. M. L. Bourne.

COSMOPOLITANISM.

WHAT TRAVELERS AND EXPLORERS ARE DOING FOR THE WORLD.

Use of Arctic Expeditions—Kingdom of Nokhara Forty Years Ago—Cycling Over a Couple of Continents—What Will be the End.

Haskell, in his recent travels in Ceylon tells us of the happy Cinghalese, who live in his bungalow, occasionally cracking parasites to accomodate a neighbor and knowing no wants. The idea of travel has never entered his head. His world is 100 miles square, perhaps only ten. His brains and wit correspond to his environment. Emerson wrote a few years ago: "In the deserts of Borgoo, the rock Tibboos still dwell in caves, like cliff swallows, and the language of these negroes is compared to the shrieking of bats and the whistling of birds. The Borgoo have no proper names; individuals are called after their height or thickness, or have nicknames only. But the salt, the dates, the ivory, the gold, of these regions, find their way into countries where men write laws, and execute their will through many nations." To-day the Borgoo are overrun by a westward population of Mohammedan tribes, and a free State of Congo is now at hand, named by cosmopolitan, European. And those poor Cinghalese hardly comprehend what a visit from Haskell means. It is nothing less than the invasion of a cosmopolitanism that looks on the whole world as brain property, and turns the plants and animals of his islands into data for counting progress.

What is the use of Arctic exploring expeditions? They involve untold suffering, and really do not ever hope to reach the pole. The value is that, so long as men know there is another kingdom to conquer he will not sit down to childish tears. It is not the pole that is of any value, but the effort to find the pole. Riding in the cars the other day I fell in with a plain fellow with ideas. He had a special interest in an open polar sea. He believed in such a sea. He longed to live to know it was discovered. He demonstrated this open sea to me. I felt convinced that there was such a sea. I felt convinced that this man's imagination and sharpened his wit. He talked on it every other day of his life. It held the islands of his satisfaction the warm current of his emotions. At home he was a blacksmith, with a half acre of garden stuff. But he had taken stock in the islands of the open polar sea, and was a cosmopolitan.

THEN AND NOW.

In 1841 The New York Tribune published the letter: "To all the members of Europe's States. Let out for Bokhara to ransom the lives of two others, Stoddard and Conolly, but both of them were murdered many months previous to my departure; and I do not know when this blood of mine shall be spilled. I don't suppose for my own safety; but, monasteries, 200,000 Persian slaves, many of them people of high talent, sign in the kingdom of Bokhara. Endeavor to effect their liberation, and I shall rejoice in my grave that any hand has been raised in the ransom of so many human beings. I am too much agitated, and too much watched besides, to be able to write much.—Joseph Wolf." To-day, forty-two years from that time, The *Ontario* prints for me a letter from a young Yankee dated in that same Bokhara, who is taking a pleasure outing on a bicycle around the world. His head is not in danger from anything else so much as from being the lion of the day wherever he troils his wheel.

My kind of a traveler is this young fellow cycling all around the world and writing letters to New York and Boston as the bicyclist of creation. He is one of the new type of cheery, happy, resolute fellows made by the better sort of athletics and sports. A dozen men-of-war and a dozen armies could not conquer as grandly, though they should cooperate. It is not the mere cycling over a couple of continents. It is the personal and generous activity he creates among hostile people, and through lands considered impassable. There is no question but we are breeding a more resolute and hearty lot of young folks, who will conquer the world by cheerful acts of good will, more thoroughly than their ancestors did with brute force.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

The standard traveler of twenty-five years ago invariably begged, drugged, growled about lackshies and tips, but invariably did not when he refused to give—in fact, he kicked his body away around the earth, through the outside heathen, and came home to write up his self glorifications. The best travelers we have had, by long odds, were missionaries. These men gave us most excellent and readable books, although not all of them could see the peoples of the earth in any other light than as creatures sure of eternal perdition, unless they could be converted to Yankee commentaries on Hebrew scriptures. Thompson gave us the best book on Palestine; Livingston we all know and have recognized as the discoverer of a continent. It was equally true of China, India, Turkey, western Asia, western Africa and the Pacific Islands, that religion, enterprise and missionary good sense gave us the most readable accounts. The fact was, these good men became cosmopolitans. Going out to convert others, they were, by imperceptible changes, themselves converted to broader views of humanity, and sometimes to broader Christianity. They were never considered what will be the end of this cosmopolitan tendency? The present race distinctions are fading out. The confusion of tongues is now a daily miracle. A hundred tongues are conjoined in our American speech. The world is slowly learning common languages; this must end at last in a single language. The intimate human race will include the enterprises of the later years with the conservatism of the older.—E. T. in *The Boston Post*.

Public Sentiment Rare in France.

Public sentiment! There's the rub! It is a rarity in France. There can be, on occasion, plenty of public fury, as when, in the old days, they kept the guillotine busy chopping heads; and plenty of public effervescence, enthusiasm, as when, nowadays, with much parading of military and barbaric gunpowder, they celebrate their 14th of July; but of calm, sustained, effective public sentiment there is dearth. Look at the atrocious way in which, in plain public sight, these "cabbies" belabor their horses. I have often seen—it is a common thing to see—a cabman in a crowded thoroughfare steadily for a distance of 100 yards pound away with the butt end of his whip upon the bare back of his ungovernable beast, until, upon reaching 100 to 150, and not a passer-by, not even a policeman, pay the slightest ostensible heed—much less remonstrate or interfere. Oh, yes; they have their Paris Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but there must be a screw loose somewhere in it, seeing that it fails utterly to prevent. Brutal car drivers, and to spare, we have unquestionably at home. But there public sentiment compels them to reserve the practical application of their brutality for the seclusion of the stable.—Paris Cor. Cleveland Leader.

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BE assured, that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor will convince you of its powers. Mrs. M. E. Goff, Leadville, Col., writes: "Two years ago, my hair having almost entirely fallen out, I commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. To-day my hair is 20 inches long, fine, strong, and healthy."

RENEWED and strengthened by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair regains its youthful color and vitality. Rev. H. P. Williamson, Davidson College, Mecklenburg Co., N. C., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the last ten years. It is an excellent preservative."

BY the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, Gen. A. D. Adams, Watertown, Mo., had his hair restored to its original healthy condition. He was nearly bald, and very gray. He writes: "Only four bottles of the Vigor were required to restore my hair to its youthful color and quantity."

USING Ayer's Hair Vigor cures the scalp. F. H. Foster, Princeton, Ind., writes: "I had been troubled for years with a disease of the scalp; my head was covered with dandruff, and the hair dry and harsh. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave me immediate relief, cleansed the scalp, and rendered the hair soft and pliable."

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blood ever bestowed upon man is perfect health, and the true way to insure health, is to purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, of Arlington St., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a purifier of

Blood

purifier, it is very much superior to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla. All persons of scrupulous or consuming tendencies, and especially delicate children, are sure to be greatly benefited by its use." J. W. Starr, Laconia, Iowa, writes: "For years I was troubled with scurfous complaints. I tried several different preparations, which did me little, if any good. Two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure. It is my opinion that this medicine is the best blood

Purifier

of the day." C. E. Upham, Na-hua, N. H., writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and unable to obtain relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have taken several bottles, and am greatly benefited, and believe it to be the best of blood purifiers." R. Harris, Creel City, Ramsey Co., Dakota, writes: "I had been an intense sufferer, with dyspepsia, for the past three years. Six months ago I began to use

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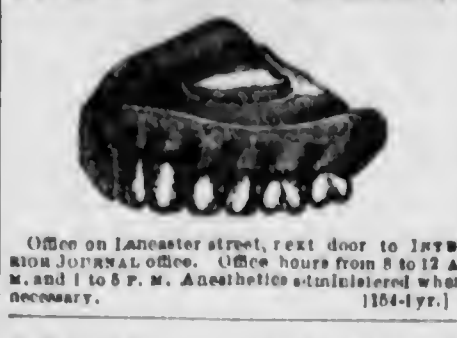
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		Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.
Lvs. Lexington	8:10 a.m.	8:10 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	
Arr. Louisville	9:40 a.m.	9:24 p.m.	3:38 p.m.	
Lvs. Louisville	11:25 a.m.	10:15 p.m.	4:28 p.m.	
Arr. Lexington	12:10 p.m.	11:17 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	1:10 p.m.	10:41 p.m.	5:22 p.m.	
Arr. Winchester	12:20 p.m.	11:20 p.m.	6:15 p.m.	
Lvs. Winchester	1:20 p.m.	11:20 p.m.	6:15 p.m.	
Arr. Lexington	2:00 p.m.	11:17 p.m.	6:10 p.m.	
Lvs. Lexington	2:40 p.m.	11:20 p.m.	6:15 p.m.	
Arr. Winchester	3:20 p.m.	11:20 p.m.	6:15 p.m.	
Lvs. Winchester	3:40 p.m.	11:20 p.m.	6:15 p.m.	
Arr. Lexington	4:20 p.m.	11:20 p.m.	6:15 p.m.	

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